

#### Baxter

Editor Herald: The new year is here, and the wintry sky looks dreary, and beneath a cold, white winding sheet, mother earth is seemingly asleep. The new year floated in from the fathomless ocean of the future, with the broad banner of old Aquarius at its masthead.

Baxter gradually grows; plods along in a plain way, corollary of the fabled turtle that ran the race with the hare.

Our new postmaster, Will F. Judd, is ensconced in the new postoffice building, having postage and provision for patrician and plebeian.

J. A. Isbell, the clever proprietor of the handle factory, has got unusually busy and has the front of his yard nicely bakustraded.

It is not an uncommon sight to see Isaac Pincus here hailing and hawking, and in quest of the goose that laid the golden egg.

School began again here this morning, but as to numbers we cannot name.

A few days ago Mr. Comer Julian, a young man formerly of this place, jaunted up from Georgia, spent Christmas with home-folks, wedded Miss Carry Medlen, between 13 and 14 years of age, as we understand, coached and carried her to Georgia, but we presume not to toil in the cotton and the cane.

A few days ago Mrs. Myrtle Martin, a young wife and mother, while yet in love with life and raptured with the world, passed into silence away, a victim of the dreaded disease, catarrh of the lungs.

Christmas was observed here in the usual style, exploding fireworks, Christmas tree, and Santa Claus the ubiquitous old chimney fakir was not idle.

A. L. STONE.

#### Weatherford, Texas

Here I am again. Hope you all are having a good time. I am thinking of you today because it is Christmas and I wish you happiness, and tomorrow because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness and so on through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away; or because we may be very busy; or perhaps I haven't time to write so many letters, but that makes no difference, the thought and the wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad, and in plain words, goodwill to you is what I mean, in the spirit of Christmas.

A happy, happy Christmas, be yours today. Not the failing measure of fleeting earthly pleas-

ure, but Christmas joy abiding, while years are swiftly gliding, be yours, I pray, through him who gave us Christmas day.

C. C. C. that Christmas card sure found its way down in Texas.

Calhoun, Mo., how are you all? Why don't you write to the Herald.

Z. F. P. I sure would have enjoyed the meeting at Liberty.

Uncle Ridley Davis, how are you? Hope you had a merry Xmas. I would like to see you.

Grandma when are you coming to see us?

Pauline, I think you and Red Top ought to pay me a visit.

Aunt Pinie, I would like to see you all.

I sure would like to see you, Lucy Harley.

Uncle J. C. Knight how are you all?

W. W. Wassum, I would like to hear from you again.

Ervin West of Winfield, Tex., how are you?

LOLA LEE WEST.

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